

Suicide Solution

Dark Age

Wine is fine, but whiskey's quicker
Suicide is slow with liquer
Take a bottle, drown your sorrows
Then it floods away tommorows
Away tommorows

Evil thoughts and evil doings
Cold, alone you hang in ruins
Thought that you'd escape the reaper
You can't escape the master keeper

'Cos you feel life's unreal, and you're living a lie
Such a shame, who's to blame, and you're wondering why
Then you ask from your cask, is there life after birth
What you saw can mean hell on this earth
Hell on this earth

Now you live inside a bottle
The reaper's travelling at full throttle
It's catching you, but you don't see
The reaper's you, and the reaper is me

Breaking laws, knocking doors
But there's no one at home
Made your bed, rest your head
But you lie there and moan
Where to hide, suicide is the only way out
Don't you know what it's really about

Wine is fine, but whiskey's quicker
Suicide is slow with liquer
Take a bottle, drown your sorrows
Then it floods away tomorrows